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CHRISTMAS STOCKING SERIES



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Little Christmas



CHRISTMAS STOCKING SERIES

LITTLE
CHRISTMAS

by
John Howard Jewett
Author of "The Bunny Stories"

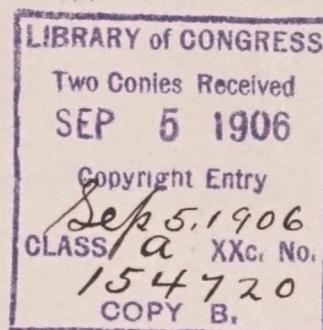
With eight illustrations in color
BY ANNA MILO UPJOHN

And numerous illustrations in black and white
BY VARIOUS ARTISTS



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Little Christmas

Little Christmas

I

WHY SANTA CLAUS CAME WITH HIS FLYING TEAM

“COME on, Nunkie, everybody will get ahead of us down town, if we wait any longer,” shouted Jack to his Uncle Ned.

“Time enough yet to buy out all the shops—so save your lungs, Jack, for

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next year's foot-ball game," replied the uncle.

"Next year is a long way off and Christmas isn't; please hurry up," urged Jack, tugging at his uncle's coat sleeve.

"Run along and I'll be with you in a minute; I'm waiting to get a few straight tips about the other members of this family," said Uncle Ned, turning back to speak with Jack's mother at the door.

"I know what they

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want," said the confident Jack, "but everything will be gone before we get there, if you stop to write a book about it."

"I'll write a book about a boy who couldn't wait to grow up, and talked so much that his teeth fell out," jokingly answered the indulgent uncle as he joined the impatient youngster.

"You can do that after Christmas, Nunkie, let's hurry now," replied Jack,

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who was just old enough to take liberties with his “big chum,” as he sometimes called his Uncle Ned.

“Get on to your best gait, then, my boy, and we’ll catch the next car at the corner. We are two days ahead of Santa Claus, so don’t worry.”

“You are good enough Santa Claus for me, or will be when we get there,” replied Jack, with a loyal grip of the hand he was clutching in his own.

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“We’ll see about that; don’t be too sure,” said Uncle Ned, as this fancy-matched pair went on their merry way, to join the crowd of Christmas shoppers which thronged the down-town streets on these last days before Christmas.

December twenty-third was Jack’s birthday, and it was a standing joke in the family that Jack ought not to expect many birthday gifts because Christmas was near; and two days later

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when Christmas came, the same argument was used about his Christmas stocking because he had just had a birthday.

Jack said it was "hard luck," and wished he might have his birthday changed to June or July, just to see how it would work to have his birthday and Christmas farther apart.

Some of his companions thought Jack fared pretty well on both days, for the holiday vacation always

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found him well stocked with a pair of new club skates, or a coaster, or seal cap, with plenty of other things to match.

There were persons in the neighborhood, who knew very little about boys, or had forgotten the time when they were not grown-ups, who said Jack was a “spoiled child,” and was bound to grow up proud and selfish.

Jack’s Uncle Ned knew better, and kept right on

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helping to “spoil the child” by giving him small change for pocket money on the sly, in exchange for the privilege of sharing Jack’s confidence in a thousand and one little plans and secrets a real boy usually has on hand, and is glad to share with somebody who’ll “never, never tell.”

That’s how it happened that Jack and Uncle Ned were out shopping for Christmas together on Jack’s birthday, and

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chanced upon “Shine-em-up,” the boot-black, in an alley-way close by the newspaper bulletin boards.

As Uncle Ned stopped to glance at the news, a little fellow whose pale, thin face and gentle voice did not seem to match with his blacking-case outfit, quietly said:

“Shine, sir? Make 'em look like they were new, while you wait.”

Before Uncle Ned had a chance to decline, Jack

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promptly answered for him: "Yours don't need shining, but mine do. Will you pay for my shine, Nunkie? It is Shine-em-up, and I know him."

"Very well, go ahead, and be quick about it," assented Uncle Ned, as he stepped a few feet away to read the second bulletin.

Jack mounted the perch, and as Shine-em-up bent over his work Jack opened a chat by asking:

"What's that bit of fur



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hanging on the string around your neck, Shiny?"

"Rabbit's foot; didn't know it had slipped outside my collar."

"What do you wear it for—to keep warm?" said Jack with a smarty-smart grin.

"Don't try to be so funny," replied Shiny. "It is only a charm."

"A charm—for what?" questioned Jack.

"For good luck. I only wear it at Christmas-

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time to please Mammy," said Shiny quietly.

"Who's Mammy—your mother?" asked Jack.

"No. She's just Mammy, who lived with us down south, before my mother died, and I live with her now."

"Oh, a darkey is she?" said Jack.

"She's my Mammy, and is right good to me if her skin is coloured," quickly retorted Shiny.

"That's all right, Shiny,"

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said Jack good naturedly, “but what has the charm got to do with Christmas?”

“Mammy says she ’spects Santa Claus knows what to do when he sees a Rabbit’s-foot charm,” was the answer.

“Santa Claus! You don’t believe in Santa Claus, do you?” said Jack rather pompously.

“Why not? He has always been right kind to me,” answered Shiny.

“But there isn’t any

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Santa Claus, I've found that out," said Jack. "Santa Claus is only make-believe, like my Uncle Ned when he puts on white whiskers and a fur coat, and takes the things off the Christmas tree. Nobody ever saw Santa Claus."

"I never saw him, but I've had the things Santa Claus brought," Shiny insisted.

"I tell you there isn't any Santa Claus. It is only our own folks who

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get the Christmas things for us," said Jack very positively.

"Who gets them for us who haven't any 'own folks,' if Santa Claus doesn't? Next thing you'll be trying to tell me there isn't any Little Christmas," said Shiny.

"What are you talking about now? Who is Little Christmas?" asked Jack.

"What! Don't you know about Little Christmas? That is strange," said

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Shiny, looking up from his work.

“Never heard of him. Who is he?” questioned Jack.

“Why, Little Christmas is the Star-Child who sends Santa out with his dove-team before Christmas time,” answered Shiny earnestly.

“Didn’t I tell you there isn’t any Santa Claus? Don’t you know that rein-deers can’t fly, and sleds can’t go skipping over the

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roofs of houses and chimney tops, 'way up in the air?" said Jack.

"I've seen a balloon with folks in a basket go over the whole city, and you can see the doves flying over there by the steeple any day," replied Shiny.

"That's different; hello, Nunkie! How is that for a shine? Be through in a minute now," said Jack as Uncle Ned, who had been listening to the conversa-

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tion, stepped round the corner into the alley-way.

“I say, Nunkie,” continued Jack, “Shiny thinks there is a truly Santa Claus, and he’s got a new wrinkle about a Little Christmas, the Star-Child, who sends him round. Did you ever hear of him?”

“I heard what Shiny said, and perhaps he’s nearer right than you are. Stick to your Little Christmas, Shiny, and don’t try to outgrow Santa Claus,

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just because Jack thinks he has. Come on, boy, and let Shiny keep the change for Christmas," said Uncle Ned as he handed Jack a silver quarter to pay for the shine—and away went the pair to finish their Christmas shopping

II

THE next morning an hour before sunrise Jack bounded out of bed and rushed into Uncle Ned's room, tripping over a foot-rest in his haste, and in a very loud whisper asked:

“Are you awake, Nunkie?”

“I was not, I am, and I shall be for the rest of the night, if you can find any more furniture to fall over



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in the dark. What's up? This isn't Christmas morning."

"I know that," replied Jack, "but Shiny was right. I've seen them both."

"What are you talking about, Jack? Whom have you seen? What's the row, any way?"

"Santa Claus and Little Christmas. Don't you remember Shiny said—" began Jack.

"Never mind what Shiny said, don't stand

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there shivering. Crawl under the blankets here, and cut it short; this is no time for a town-meeting," interrupted the sleepy uncle.

Jack didn't wait for a second invitation, and as soon as he could smuggle under the blankets he began again:

"There is a Santa Claus and a Little Christmas; I've seen and talked with both this very night."

"Better keep the news

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till morning; no danger of its spoiling in this weather. Go to sleep and tell me about it later, Jack, I'm too sleepy now."

"But you wouldn't believe your own eyes, Nunkie, if you had seen what happened in my room," continued Jack eagerly.

"Probably not, my eyesight is failing for lack of sleep. Be kind to your aged uncle, Jack; my education can wait till daylight," yawned Uncle Ned.

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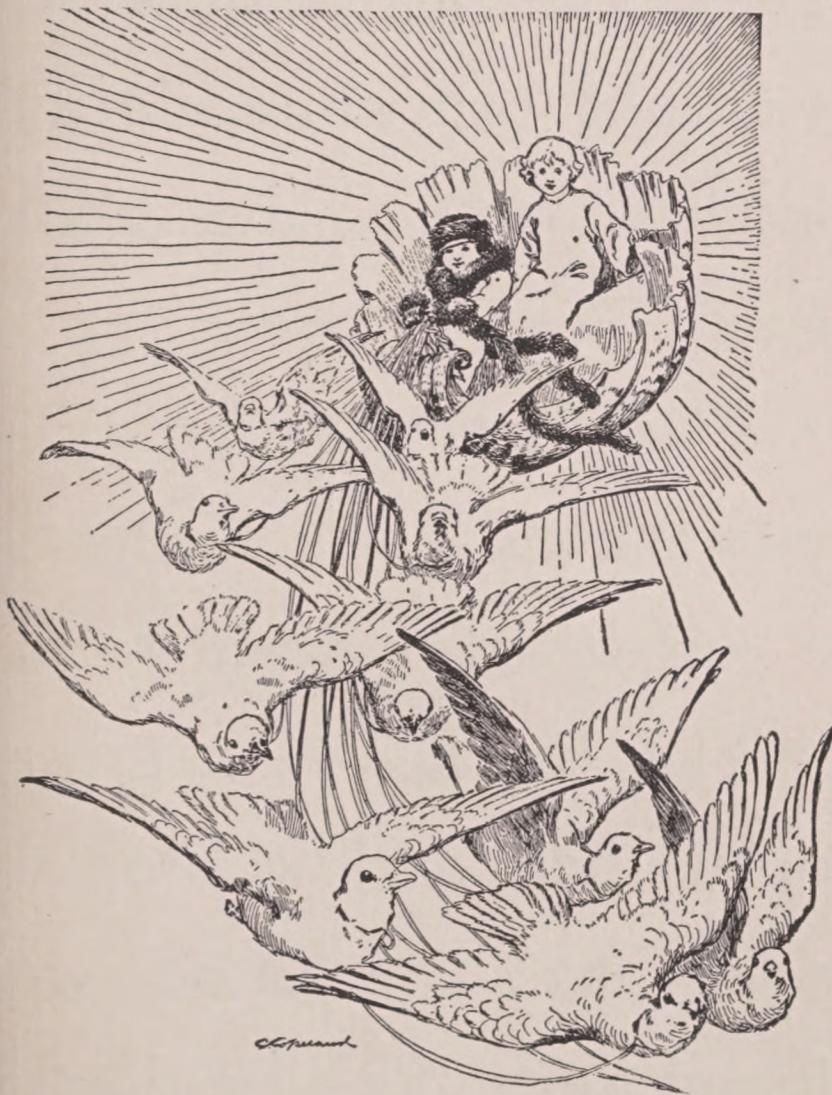
“Strangest thing you ever saw, Nunkie. I didn’t believe Shiny, but Shiny was right, and I’ve seen his Little Christmas and Santa Claus, and his flying team. Say, will you listen a minute, Nunkie?”

“Well, I suppose I must. Keep right on with your story, Jack, don’t mind me; Christmas comes but once a year. If you can’t wait I’ll try to hear; cut it short, don’t tickle my ear,” drowsily

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answered patient Uncle Ned.

“It was this way,” said



Jack, “I woke up in the night and heard a jingle

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outside, and in less than a minute I saw coming right up to my window through the moonlight the queerest team of big white doves, hitched to a beautiful coach."

"On wheels or runners?" interrupted Uncle Ned.

"Neither," replied Jack. "The coach was a great open shell with scalloped sides just like those we found on the sea-shore, only ever so much larger, and on the front seat was a

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boy-Santa Claus driving the doves, and on the back seat was the Star-Child all in white, with a smiling face, who looked just like a picture-angel.”

“That’s a new kind of a turnout,” remarked Uncle Ned; “did you get up to watch the show?”

“No, I sat up in my bed,” said Jack, “just in time to see the team stop, and hear the driver say: ‘This is where Jack lives,’ and the next thing I knew

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the boy-Santa Claus came right in through the window and said: ‘Hello, Jack, you’ve outgrown me, but I knew you when you were a little shaver. Have you outgrown your Christmas stocking yet?’ and then he winked both eyes and pointed to the team outside.”

“Well, what did you say?” asked Uncle Ned, now wide awake and interested.

“I didn’t know what to

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say," replied Jack, "so I asked him who the other was in the coach, and Santa said: 'That is Little Christmas, the Star-Child Shiny told you about yesterday, who sends me round to hunt up the Christmas stocking fillers. Perhaps you can guess why we are out with the dove team to-night?' Then he winked again and looked around my room."

"What did you guess

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his errand was?" quietly asked Uncle Ned.

"I said they might be looking up places to leave things Christmas eve," answered Jack, "but Santa said that was only part of his errand, and told me they were out jogging those who had too much to remember those who had too little, and he said Little Christmas wanted to know what I had planned for empty stockings.

"When I asked Santa

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what he meant," continued Jack, "Santa said there would be thousands of empty stockings Christmas morning, unless everybody tried to help him a little, in their own neighborhood at least, and then he picked up my new birthday suit and asked me if my old one wouldn't do to keep Shiny warm this winter. Then I knew what he was driving at, and told him we would take care of Shiny, for I had more than old

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clothes that I could spare. Santa thanked me and said: 'I guess you'll do without any more jogging,' and off he went, winking and blinking both eyes, until he was back on the driver's seat."

"Is that all?" asked Uncle Ned.

"Oh, I forgot," quickly replied Jack, "Just as they started off Santa shouted back: 'Little Christmas wishes you to give his love to your Uncle Ned in the

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morning—You needn't wake him up to-night—he is the kind that doesn't need any jogging—Merry Christmas to you both,— and then they were off and out of sight before I could answer."

"Very kind indeed of Little Christmas to mention me," said Uncle Ned very quietly, and added, "You are a pretty good dreamer for your age, Jack."

"You think I was

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dreaming, do you," answered Jack. "Do you suppose it was only a dream after all?"

"It isn't necessary for me to suppose anything about the story," slowly replied Uncle Ned. "That's your hunt, not mine, Jack, but you seem to have got a straight tip from Little Christmas, dream or no dream.

"And now, Jack, let's have a little nap before the breakfast bell rings, and

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then we'll have a whole day to give to Santa Claus, Little Christmas and those empty stockings."

III

DOWN in the tene-
ment district on
Christmas morning a stout,
smiling coloured “Auntie”
was standing by a basement
doorway where a small sign
read, “Washing done here,”
and telling her neighbours
all about Shine-em-up’s
and her own Christmas
presents.

“Sho’s yer born, Santa
Claus’s reindeers an’ sled

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lef' a keartload o' Christmas truck in dis yere basement las' night. Dat bressed chile done got through wif toting a blacking-box any mo', befo' school, arter school, or holidays.

“Sho's I'm his ole Mammy, dat orph'n chile's gwine ter be took out o' de streets for good and all, for the gemman done tole me plain dat Little Christmas had 'pinted him gard-gion fer de chile an' his

LITTLE CHRISTMAS

Mammy, fo'ever an' ever
—Amen!"

* * *

A few years later two college chums were talking with a jolly visitor, on the campus, who had come to town to see the boys play in the great football game of the season, and the chums both called him "Uncle Ned."

One of the chums was Jack, "Big-hearted Jack," the "spoiled child,"—and the other was Edward

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Blank, Jr., once known as “Shine-em-up,” and often proudly referred to by Uncle Ned as “My adopted nephew, the boy who discovered ‘Little Christmas.’”

And when Christmas Day comes round from year to year, Uncle Ned always closes his after-dinner speech by saying: “Shiny was right! Santa Claus is all right! Little Christmas is all right! We are all right! Hey, boys?

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“ For Christmas-time still brings good cheer.
We'll make it last from year to year,
With a Merry Christmas to all ! ”

Uncle Rube's Christmas Puzzle

Uncle Rube's Christmas Puzzle



IT seems to me, by all accounts, that we are going to have a pretty slim Christmas this year," said Uncle Rube to a group of children gathered about him in the carriage-house, one Saturday afternoon a few weeks before the holidays.

There were four of us

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children, and "Uncle Rube" was really nobody's uncle, although everybody in the village, old and young, had called him Uncle Rube so long that he seemed himself to have forgotten that he ever had been known by any other name.

Our father was the village physician, and our Uncle Rube was his "Man Friday," who took care of father's two horses and made himself gen-

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erally useful about the place.

Uncle Rube's remark put what he would have called a "wet blanket" upon the conversation, which up to that time had been very lively. Each of us, in turn, had been eagerly telling Uncle Rube what we were going to buy for ourselves with our Christmas money.

Ever since we could remember, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas had been

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the happiest days of all the year at our house; and the month between Thanksgiving and the holidays had always seemed the longest month in the whole year while waiting for Christmas to come.

Santa Claus had always been good to us, but there was a growing suspicion, encouraged by the two older children, that Santa Claus did not always know just what we wanted most of the new things we had

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seen in our occasional visits to the Center, where the big stores seemed to be overflowing with holiday gifts.

This year we were going to try a new plan. Our father, who had overheard us talking about this subject a few evenings before, had quietly remarked that perhaps it would be a better plan to let each one of us be his own Santa Claus, and save our busy father and mother and good

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Santa Claus the risk of making any more mistakes.

We did not really mean to seem to be ungrateful or fault-finding, but when we tried to tell him so, he good-naturedly said "Oh, I know all about it. I was once a boy myself."

Then with a merry twinkle in his kindly gray eye, he told us to hang up our stockings that very night, and in the morning we would find our Christmas allowance, all in cash,

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in advance, to spend as we pleased in doing the Santa Claus act for ourselves.

As I have told you, there were four of us children, Norman, Hester, Philip and Ruth, and you must guess which one is relating this story of an old-time Christmas, for I shall never, never tell.

The carriage-house was a favourite retreat for us children, especially in cold weather, when Uncle Rube usually had a cozy fire in

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his “den,” as he called his sleeping-room, which was a corner partitioned off in the loft.

Here he had his bunk and great wooden chest, for he had been a sailor, and here he spent a good share of his time between meals, “fixin’ things,” and trying to “bring up the doctor’s children in the way they should go.” His remark about the prospects for a “slim Christmas” set us all to thinking and won-



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dering what he meant, for we had just told him all our plans.

Norman, the eldest, had decided that he would buy a pair of club skates; Philip thought he had money enough to buy a cheap rocking horse, to ride in the house on stormy days; Hester wanted a new sled with the name "White Star" painted upon it, and little Ruth, the youngest, had seen a dolly with real bangs, and eyes to open

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and shut, which she was sure could not cost any more than the bright silver dollar which she had found in the toe of her stocking. The silence at last was broken by Philip, who bravely remarked:—

“I think it’s going to be the best Christmas we’ve ever had, Uncle Rube, and I don’t see what you mean by calling it ‘slim,’ when every one of us can get just what we want.”

“Maybe so, maybe so,

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but that depends," said Uncle Rube. "I never got much comfort out of making presents to myself, but you probably know more than I do about such things. Guess I shall have to overhaul my chest, and get my old Christmas arithmetic and work out the puzzle myself."

Just then the supper bell rang, and we left Uncle Rube alone in his snuggery, without giving him a chance to explain what he

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meant by his Christmas arithmetic.

Within a few days, however, some very strange things happened, and both



our mother and Uncle Rube had a lot of secrets to keep for us all, and his roomy chest was used to hold the mysterious packages that we had secretly

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given to him to hide away for Christmas.

The keeping of the secrets was the hardest part, but with the help of our good mother, and a great deal of sly dodging about with packages, the four secrets were kept, and not one of the children found out what the others had done, excepting one secret, which they kept among themselves for a surprise for father, mother and Uncle Rube.

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After talking the matter over for a long time and finding it very hard to agree upon just the right things to get for them, Norman settled the question by saying:

“Oh, I will tell you what will be a good plan. Everybody loves flowers. Let us take the money we have saved to the florist and buy three of the prettiest plants we can get, and put them in the breakfast-room on Christmas morning for

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father, mother, and Uncle Rube."

Philip thought Uncle Rube would like a pair of fur gloves instead, but Hester said she knew Uncle Rube would take just as good care of a little plant in the snuggery as he did of the horses, and it would be something green and lovely to look at all winter long, when he didn't have any children around to bother him.

When Christmas morn-

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ing came at last the children were all out of bed



before it was hardly light enough to see where the

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stockings were hung by the great open fireplace in the library. In less than five minutes the stockings were down and emptied on the rug in front of the fire, and they were delighted with the pretty gifts Santa Claus, or someone else had sent.

But what surprised them most was to find in each stocking a package from each of the other three children, and these are the gifts they had

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bought for each other when the secrets were all out:

Norman had given Philip a box of water-colour paints, a handsome book for Hester, and a pretty music-box for little Ruth.

Philip had bought for Norman a story-book that he long had wanted, and for Hester and Ruth each a pair of nice fur-trimmed gloves.

Hester had given Nor-

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man and Philip each a pair of warm red mittens, and for Ruth had found a dolly book, full of cunning figures of all sorts of black and white dollies.

Little Ruth with her mother's help had chosen a set of dominoes for Norman, a book for Philip, and for Hester a doll's tea-set.

All these presents were in, or tied to the stockings, and when they had all been unwrapped and ad-

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mired the children were so happy that they had forgot all about the things they had first planned to get for themselves.

The next thing to do was to get Uncle Rube to bring the three potted plants, which he had hidden away in his den, for a surprise for the father and mother, and more than all to himself.

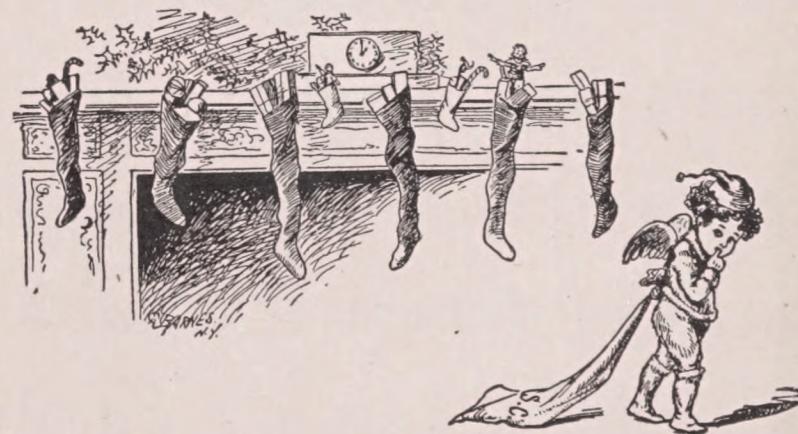
When they went to the breakfast-room to arrange the plants, each having a

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card with the name and a “Merry Christmas from all the children,” they found another strange thing had happened; for there beside each of the children’s chairs they found the very things they had given up buying for themselves, with a pretty Christmas card tied with a ribbon on each gift, all labeled with “A Merry Christmas from father and mother, by the advice and consent of Uncle Rube.”

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Norman looked at his skates, Philip at his rocking-horse, Hester at her sled and Ruth hugged her dolly, until Norman said



there must have been more secrets going on in that house than anybody but Uncle Rube knew about.

When the others came to breakfast and saw the

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dainty plants and read their cards, they were as much surprised and pleased as the children had been with their gifts, and all had a merry time in telling each other how slyly their mother and Uncle Rube had planned it all for them.

The doctor said it was the best Christmas spread he had ever seen in the family, although he had missed a lot of pleasure in not having the privilege of buying anything himself,

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for there had been so many Santa Clauses racing about the house with "mystery" written all over their faces that he had felt it would be safer to be simply a spectator this time.

While they were looking over the gifts, one of the children remembered Uncle Rube's remark about his "Christmas arithmetic," and asked him to show it to them. Uncle Rube slowly unfolded two pieces of paper and asked the

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children how many four times one made. Philip promptly answered "Four," and to prove that Philip was right, Uncle Rube took the four presents they had found in the breakfast-room, and putting them side by side, said:

"Here is what you would have had if you had bought what you wanted for yourselves, and I have worked out the puzzle on this sheet of paper, like this:

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FOUR TIMES ONE

NORMAN	PHILIP	HESTER	RUTH
Skates from Himself	Horse from Himself	Sled from Herself	Dolly from Herself

Then the children saw in a minute what he meant by four times one.

After spreading the other sheet of paper on the table, Uncle Rube then asked how many four times four ones made in Christmas arithmetic.

Norman said that wasn't the kind of a book they studied in his school, and

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asked if it was some new kind of a puzzle.

Uncle Rube said it might be, that he had been counting up the presents they had bought with their own money, and the answer was "15 and one over."

Philip, who had been to school but one term, said he did not know what that meant, and Uncle Rube replied: "That is where the Christmas puzzle comes in," and added that he

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would show them on his memorandum sheet how to work it out. They all gathered about the paper, which was ruled into 16 spaces, and all the spaces on the plan were filled with the names and gifts, each on a separate space, and all were filled but one, and in this he had written, as you will see the letters, “T. E. S.”

When they had read and counted them all, and found there were just fif-

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FOUR TIMES FOUR ONES

NORMAN	PHILIP	HESTER	RUTH
Book from Philip	Book from Ruth	Book from Norman	Book from Hester
Dominoes from Ruth	Paint-Box from Norman	Tea Set from Ruth	Music-Box from Norman
Mittens from Hester	Mittens from Hester	Gloves from Philip	Gloves from Philip
Father Plant	Mother Plant	Uncle Rube Plant	T. E. S.
From all the children			

teen, as Uncle Rube had said, not one of them could guess the meaning of the three letters in the open space in the lower right-hand corner. After study-

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ing awhile they gave it up and asked Uncle Rube to tell them what it meant.

“Well,” said he, “that open space means a good deal at this time of the year, and I’m afraid some of us would have forgotten that part of our Christmas arithmetic if your mother had not thought of it for us. While I have been busy doing Santa Claus errands for you all, and helping her to keep your secrets, she has been think-

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ing about these letters. The T. E. S. down in the corner stand for 'The Empty Stockings,' and I have got a bushel basket full of your outgrown toys and books and clothing, that your mother has fixed up already for you to finish up the puzzle with."

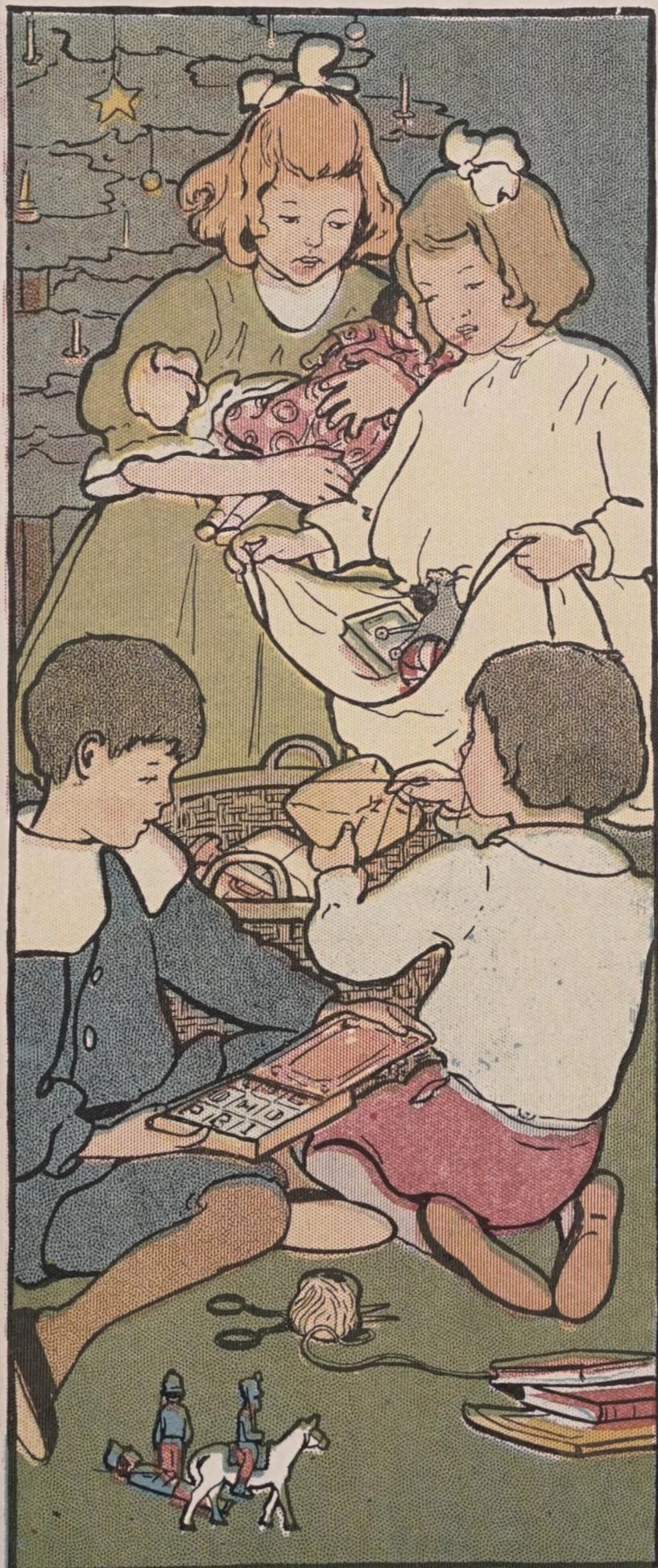
This announcement was followed by a chorus of "May I go with you—May I go with you, Uncle Rube?"

To this he replied: "I

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shall need you all to help me wrap up the packages, while your mother is writing the cards to tell which package is best for a little girl or little boy, or their older brothers and sisters, if they have any, but I am not going with the presents this time."

Then our father said: "I should be glad to let you all go, and play Santa Claus in earnest, but one horse is lame, and I must use the other for my visits



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this morning, but I have appointed Newspaper Johnnie to act as Santa Claus to-day among the poor children in the mill district, and he will be here with his donkey and box-sled at 10 o'clock to take the packages."

When Philip asked how Newspaper Johnnie would know how to find the right children, Uncle Rube replied:

“Johnnie is one of the grown-up poor children,

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himself, and though he is a cripple, and has lived all his life in the crowded tenements near the mills, it will not be the first time he has played Santa Claus for your father and mother, before you children were old enough to know what Christmas really means.

“He will make no mistakes in finding the right places, and when he comes back some day to tell you about his trip, you will

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think that he has been reading a story-book about good fairies."

"That reminds me," said our father, "of a remark Johnnie made to me yesterday, when I spoke with him about these empty stockings: 'It's queer, Doctor,' said he, 'how things work down our way at Christmas time. The gold dollars that Santa Claus drops into the poor children's stockings all tumble out of the holes

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and get lost in the cracks
in the floor.'

"When I asked Johnnie
what made him think San-
ta Claus left gold dollars,
he said: 'Because the
stockings were always
empty, and the holes were
big enough to let the gold
dollars through, and if the
presents were bigger some
of them would be found
there in the morning.'"

The children were dis-
appointed in not being able
to share the trip, but the

THE CHRISTMAS PUZZLE

good mother told them the presents would carry their own Christmas messages, and that her darlings ought to be glad that some of the things that had given them so much pleasure in the past could be made to do double service to-day in making happy for a little while a few children, less fortunate, who found no Christmas gifts in their poor, empty stockings this morning.

Newspaper Johnnie,

THE CHRISTMAS PUZZLE

with his donkey and sled, came promptly on time, and for many years after he was known as our Santa Claus, who helped us to understand the real meaning of Uncle Rube's Christmas Puzzle.

When Santa Claus Was a Little Boy

WHEN SANTA CLAUS WAS A LITTLE BOY



IN that ever and ever so long ago—

When Santa was only a dear little boy,

He never had heard how the Christmas trees grow,

Nor seen Christmas stockings all hung in a row,

To hold Christmas gifts that the children enjoy.

Not a gift in his stocking did Santa Claus find—

In that ever and ever so long ago:

Which may be the reason he now is so kind,

And comes every Christmas Eve, just to remind

The children to hang up their stockings, you know.

SANTA CLAUS

When the house is all still, and the
children asleep,
When the long night hours so tard-
ily go;
When even a mouse would not ven-
ture to peep—
Then, sly Santa Claus down the chim-
ney can creep,
And then—how the stockings and
Christmas trees grow !

How sad and how strange to us it
would seem
To have lived in that ever so long
ago—
Before Santa came with his pack and
his team
To bring us his greetings—and pass
like a dream,
And leave not a foot-print or track
on the snow.

It may be that Santa had some kind
of fun—
In that ever and ever so long ago;



SANTA CLAUS

But now, can you guess why Santa
had none
Of Christmas-time gifts in his stock-
ing—not one;
While all the world waited for
Christmas to grow?

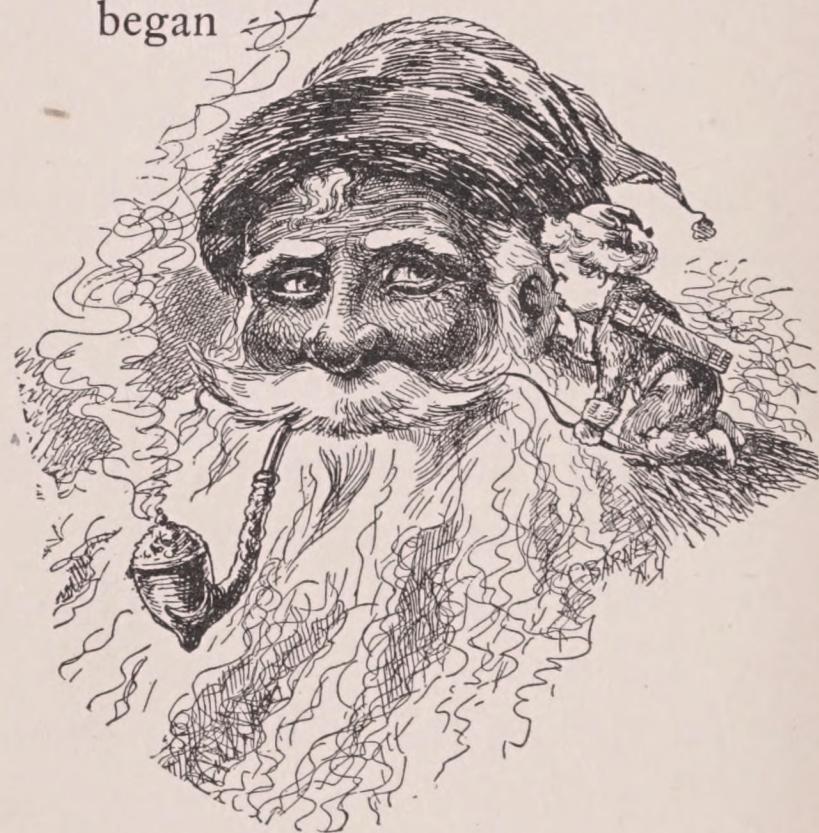
The answer is easy: when Christmas
was new
The Christmas-time helpers were
fewer than now;
There were no Christmas trees, and
the stockings were few,
And both needs must wait until Santa
Claus grew,
To gladden the children by show-
ing us how.

Till Santa began he could not receive,
In that ever and ever so long ago;
For, of course, there was no other
Santa to leave
The children their gifts on each
Christmas Eve,
As *our* Santa comes with gifts to
bestow.

SANTA CLAUS

When Santa Claus grew to a big,
jolly man—

In that ever and ever so long ago;
He loved little children, and so he
began



To make others happy—as every one
can

Wherever we live, or wherever
we go.

And ever since then dear Santa has
found
A host of kind helpers to share in
his joy,

SANTA CLAUS

And children to welcome—for Santa
is bound
To make Christmas merry—and all
the year 'round
A merrier world than when he was
a boy.

Jack Horner's Christmas Corner

JACK HORNER'S CHRISTMAS CORNER



LITTLE JACK HORNER
sat in his corner
Expecting his Christmas
plum:

With a whole week to wait he sat
there in state,
Impatiently sucking his thumb.

Jack's pets were all there, close by his
high chair;
Dog Towser, and Tabby the cat,
Canary-bird Dickey, and also a tricky
Poll Parrot who opened the chat.

“Wake up!” Polly said, “wake up,
sleepy-head,
That stub of a thumb isn't pie,
Nor is it a plum—don't sit there so
glum,
As if you were going to cry.

JACK HORNER

“The folks are away—they’re shopping to-day
To fill up the stockings, you know;
Their plans I have heard, and I give you my word
The presents will make a fine show.

“They’re going to buy the gifts on the sly,
And keep them all secret and mum
Till Christmas is here—don’t worry,
my dear,
Their Jack will have more than a plum.

“When the folks come back there’ll be gifts for Jack
In every big parcel you see;
And something there too for each one of you,
And a beautiful present for me.

“Grandfather, grandmother, ‘little Kid’ and her mother
Have planned all the best things to buy,



JACK HORNER

To give to each other: Little Kid says
to her brother,
Dear Jack will have oceans of pie.



"But what troubles me—and you will
agree—
Is how we can manage to do

JACK HORNER

The same by others: Now, sister
and brothers,
Please say how the notion strikes
you?"

Then old Towser barked, and gravely
remarked:

"I propose we ask Jackey to run
Right down to the store, and buy for
the four
A nice Christmas gift for each
one."

Little Dickey piped up, "Send mother
a cup
And saucer of china, from me,"
And Tabby with mews, said, "I think
I will choose
For grandma, a caddy for tea."

Then Towser looked wise and said,
"I'll surprise
Grandpa Horner with something
that's good;

JACK HORNER

He has slippers to lend, so Jackey, my friend,

Get a pipe of the sweet-briar wood."

Poll Parrot looked sly, as she cocked up her eye

To remark, "Little Kid is my choice;

I taught her to talk before she could walk

And now I'm improving her voice.

"Now, Jackey, my dear, please lend me an ear

And listen to this, my command,
Or else I will scold—our piano is old,
So buy her a new Baby Grand."

Cried Jack, in a pet, "How and where can I get

These gifts without money or price?"

"Just listen to me," answered Poll,
"and you'll see

'Tis as easy as giving advice."

JACK HORNER

“Now this is my plan: Go as fast as
you can

To Santa’s headquarters and say,
We all wish to know where Christ-
mas things grow,



The place where they are given
away.

“Every one of us knows that a Christ-
mas tree grows—
And blossoms with gifts in a night;
In Santa Claus’ pack is everything,
Jack,
And Santa will do what is right.”

JACK HORNER

Jack put on his hat, said "Scat," to
the cat,

To Towser a merry "Bow-wow!"
To Dickey "By By," and to Poll "I
will try,

I'm off to find Santa Claus now."

Just round the next corner, brave
little Jack Horner

Met Santa, and said with a smile:
"Ah, how do you do, I'm glad to meet
you,

We've been waiting for you a good
while."

Santa winked with one eye and said in
reply:

"Let me guess why Poll sent you
to me.

You need my advice to get something
nice

To hang on your home Christmas
Tree.

"There's a secret, my boy, about
Christmas joy,
A simple and beautiful plan;

JACK HORNER

Santa Claus does his best, and leaves
all the rest
For others to do what they can.

“What you have, you can share; now
I’ll tell you where
There are gifts without trouble or
pay;
Way down in the heart is a wonderful
mart
Where WISHES are given away.

“Of all gifts the best is love, and the
test
Is what the heart wishes to give
Good wishes to all, though gifts may
be small,
Will last as long as we live.”

* * * *

Ah, Santa was wise! such a charming
surprise
When the family gathered around
Where the stockings were hung, for
the girls and the boys
A tree-load of presents was found.

JACK HORNER

There were games, books and toys for
the old and the young

There was something for all—for
you see

Every one of them brought a kind
loving thought

To hang on their home Christmas
Tree.

The Christmas Fairy



This dear little girl had been waiting
For Christmas, the longest long
time,
For good Santa Claus, and the glad-
ness
That comes when the Christmas
bells chime.
And over and over she counted
The days, as the season drew near,
Till only another to-morrow—
Then Christmas would surely be
here.

Her own little stocking was ready
To hang up where Santa could see,

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

And a very large calico stocking
To hang on her home Christmas
tree.

For Tiny's young life had been fa-
vored

With blessings and bounties untold,
And Santa Claus always had brought
her

Far more than her stocking could
hold.

“Day after to-morrow is Christmas,
And then, oh, how glad I shall
be!”

Said Tiny that evening at bed-time,
Her heart overflowing with glee.

Alone in her own cozy chambers,
When softly her prayers she had
said,

She wondered if Santa Claus really
Would come with his reindeers and
sled.

When, suddenly breaking the silence,
A musical tinkling drew nigh,

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

And then a most wonderful vision
Which seemed to come from the
sky.
She saw as it slowly came nearer,
With only the moonlight between,
A score of white doves, that were
drawing
The loveliest sleigh ever seen.

Of pearl-tinted shell it was fashioned,
With fluted and wide spreading
sides,
Like those she had seen, only larger,
Left high on the beach by the tides.
It floated in the air like a snow-flake,
And seated within was a child
As lovely and fair as an angel,
Who peeped in at Tiny and smiled.

In front perched a strange little driver
Fur-robed like a young Santa
Claus,
Who guided the doves to her window
And seemed for a moment to pause.
The eyes of the driver were twinkling
Like stars, in his bright cheery face,

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

As he smilingly turned to the fairy
And softly said: "This is the
place!"



Then instantly there, close beside her,
The beautiful fairy-child came,
And graciously bending above her
He tenderly whispered her name.
A voice like an echo of music
Was saying: "Dear child, do not
fear,
We come with a message of Christ-
mas,
An errand of love and good cheer.

My dear, trusty messenger Santa,
Who often has been here before,



THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

Has whispered to me of your play-room

And of all its bountiful store
Of picture-books, dollies and play-things,

And every new kind of a game—
Day after to-morrow is Christmas,

Perhaps you can guess why we
came?"

Then Tiny's blue eyes fairly sparkled
With joy, as she sat up in bed,
And roguishly peeped through the
window

Where Santa was waiting, and said,
"I guess you are having a sleigh-ride

To find out the places to leave
The great loads of beautiful presents
That Santa Claus brings Christmas
Eve."

The fairy-child smiled as he answered:
"You are right, we are trying to
find

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

How many sad hearts we can gladden
With gifts from glad hearts that
are kind.

For Santa Claus loves all the children
And knows where the friendless
ones live;

To-night we have come for their pres-
ents—

Please tell me what you wish to
give?"

"To give?" questioned Tiny aston-
ished,

"I thought Santa Claus always
gave!"

And slowly her roguish smile faded,
Her merry blue eyes became grave.

A moment of silence and blushes;
Then Tiny was out on the floor
And clasping the hand of the fairy
She joyfully opened the door

That led to her own little play-
room,

And choosing the prettiest there—

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

“Take these,” she exclaimed, “and
tell Santa
I have many more here I can spare,



To help you to fill up the stockings
Of those who are friendless and
sad;
For these will be better than nothing,
And I shall be glad they are glad.

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

“I’ll only keep Margaret Dolly,
The one I have always loved best,
My own dear mamma made her
wardrobe—
But Santa can take all the rest.
For I shall have more after Christmas
And mine will be all fresh and new;
I hope there’ll be no empty stockings,
And wish I had more to give you.”

“God bless you!” the fairy-child
whispered,
“ ‘Of such is the Kingdom of
Heaven,’
The spirit of Christmas is *giving*
As freely as you have been given.
Farewell, little friend of the friend-
less;
In gladness your Christmas shall
dawn:”—
A kiss on her forehead awoke her—
The beautiful fairy was gone.

Once more, wide awake, Tiny listened
Alone where the pale moonlight
gleamed,

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

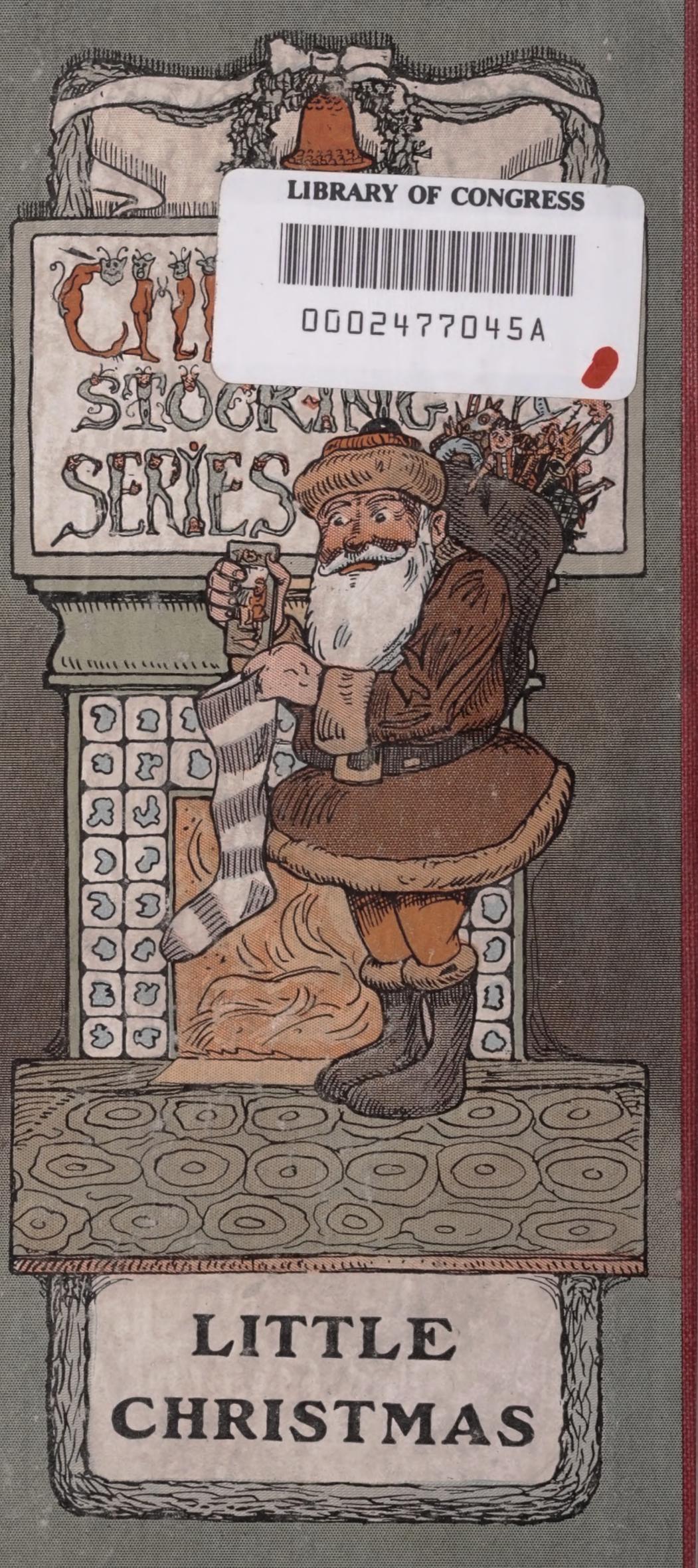
And wondered if all the bright vision
Was only a dream she had dreamed.

Whatever it was, little Tiny
Was glad she had something to
give

To help fill the poor empty stockings
In homes where the friendless ones
live!

JOHN HOWARD JEWETT

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LITTLE
CHRISTMAS